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T H E
FARMER'S RETURN
FROM
L O N D O N.

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D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

FARMER.
WIFE.
SALLY.

DICK.
RALPH.

SCENE, *The Farmer's Kitchen.*

Enter Wife hastily.

WHERE are you, my children?—Why Sally, Dick, Raaph!

Enter Children running.

Your father is come!—Heaven bless him! and safe.

Enter Farmer.

O Jahn! my heart dances with joy thou art come,
Far. And troth so does mine, for I love thee and whoam. [Kisses.]

Wife. Now kiss all your children—and now me agen. [Kisses.]

O bless thy sweet seace!—for one kiss, gi' me ten!

Far. Keep some for anon, dame—you quite stop my breath:

You kill me wi' koindness—you buss me to death: Enough, love!—enough is as good as a feeast.

Let's ha' some refreshment for me and my beest. Dick, get me a poipe. [Ex. D.] Raaph, go to the mare;

Gi' poor wench some oats. [Ex. R.] Dame, reach me a chair!

Sal, draw me some aal, to wash the dirt down, [Ex. Sal.]

And then I will tell you—of London fine town. [Sits down.]

Wife. O Jahn! you've been from me—the lord knows how long!

You've been with the false ones—and done me some wrong!

Far. By the zooks but I han't—so hold thy fool's tongue.

Some tittups I saw, and they made me to stare!
Trick'd noice out for saale, like our cattle at fair:
So tempting, so fine!—and i'cod very cheap—
But, Bridget, I know, as we sow we must reap,
And a cunning old ram will avoid rotten sheep. }

Enter Dick, with a pipe and a candle, and Sal. with some ale.

Wife. But London, dear Jahn!

Far. Is a fine hugeous city!

Where the geese are all swans, and the fools are all witty.

Wife. Did you see any wits?

Far. I look'd up and down,

But 'twas labour in vain—they were all out of town.

I ask'd for the maskers o' news, and such things!

Who know all the secrets of kingdoms, and kings!

Sō busy were they, and such matters about,

That six days in the seven they never stir out.

Koind souls! with our freedom they make such a fuss,

That they lose it themselves to bestow it on us.

Wife. But was't thou at court, Jahn?—What there hast thou seen?

Far. I saw 'em—Heav'n bless 'em!—you know whom I mean.

I heard their healths pray'd for—agen and agen,

With proviso that one may be sick now and ten.

Some looks speak their hearts, as it were with a tongue—

O dame!—I'll be damn'd, if they e'er do us wrong:

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THE FARMER'S RETURN.

Here's to 'em—bless 'em both—do you take the jug;
Woud't do their hearts good—I'd swallow the mug.

[Drinks.]

Come, pledge me, my boy. [To Dick]—Hold, lad,
—hast nothing to say?

Dick. Here, daddy—here's to 'em! [Drinks.]

Far. Well said, Dick, boy!

Dick. Huzza!

Wife. What more didst thou see, to beget admiration?

Far. The city's fine show—but first the crowna-
tion!

'Twas thof all the world had been there with their
spouses;

There was street within street, and houses on houses!
I thought from above (when the folk fill'd the
pleases)

The streets pav'd with heads, and the walls made
of seaces!

Sach juffling and buffling!—'twas worth all the
pothor.

—I hope, from my soul, I shall ne'er see another.

Sal. Dad, what did you see at the plays, and
the shows? [shows?]

Far. What did I see at the plays and the
Why bounding, and grinning, and a pow'r of fine
cloaths:

From top to the bottom 'twas all chanted ground!

Gold, painting, and mufic, and blaazing all round!

Above 'twas like Bedlam, all roaring and rattling!

Below, the fine folk were all curts'ying and prattling:

Strange jumble together---Turks, Christians, and
Jews!

—At the temple of folly, all croud to the pews.

Here too, doizen'd out, were those seame freakish
leadies,

Who keep open market---tho' smuggling their
trade is.

I saw a new play too---they call it The School---

I thought it pure stuff---but I thought like a fool--

'Twas The School of---pize on it!--my mem'ry
is naught---

The greaat ones dislik'd it---they heate to be taught:

The cratticks too grumbled---I'll tell you for whoy,

They wanted to laugh---and were ready to croy.

Wife. Pray what are your cratticks?

Far. Like watchmen in town,

Lame, feeble, half-blind, yet they knock poets down.

Like old Justice Warmwood---a crattick's a man

That can't sin himself---and he heates thofethat can.

I ne'er went to Opras!---I thought it too grand,

For poor folk to like what they don't understand.

The top joke of all, and what pleas'd me the moast,

Some wise ones and I sat up with a ghoast.

Wife and Children.

A ghoast!

Far. Yes, a ghoast!

[Starting.]

Wife. I shall swoon'd away, love!

Far. Odzooks!---thou'rt as bad as thy betters

above!

With her nails, and her knuckles, she answer'd so

noice!

For yes she knock'd once, and for no she knock'd

twice.

I ask'd her one thing---

Wife. What thing?

Far. If yo', dame, was true?

Wife. And the poor soul knock'd one.

Far. By the zounds, it was two.

Wife. I'll not be abus'd, Jahn.

[Cries.]

Far. Come, pr'ythee no croying,

The ghoast, among friends, was much giv'n to loying,

Wife. I'll tear out her eyes---

Far. I thought, dame, of matching

Your neails against hers---for you're both good at
scratching.

They may talk of the country, but, I say, in town,
Their throats are much wider, to swallow things

down.

I'll uphold, in a week--by my troth I don't joke--

That our little Sal---shall fright all the town folk.

Come, get me some supper---But first let me peep

At the rest of my children---my calves, and my

sheep.

[Going.]

Wife. Ah! Jahn!

Far. Nay, chear up---let not ghoasts trouble

thee---

Bridget! look in thy glase---and there thou may'ft
see,

I defy mortal man---to maalse cuckold o' me.



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